

Hollywood Whore

Machine Gun Kelly

Am I wrong for being lost?
The pressures of being boss exhausted
Every bone in my body, I can't walk
I don't talk, I scream, I don't stop to think
I'm so close to the dream that I can't go to sleep
Ironic, I know, so I need more Chronic to roll
Tryna find what's more important, the money or my soul
It's cold, I'm low, I'm caught between the roads
Under the Hollywood sign, you get blinded by the glow, uh

Yo
How could you look me in the face?
You sat at the table with my daughter
Promisin' you got us right after you finished sayin' Grace
Why don't you tell her what you're hidin' in the bank?
It's time to cut my lawn and see the snakes
It's time to tell the truth to every fan who doesn't understand
That it's because of you they had to wait
While you left me here to deal with all the hate, ah

Still smile but feel so fake
It's no sun, the clouds are opaque
So much shade I read on one page
I can't even look at your name without gettin' the shakes
What a mistake uh, look at how you take uh
What doesn't belong to you, this was a rape
And if fate send us both to Heaven
I'ma keep a blade in my leather so I can kill you at the gate, uh

(First place)
Is it worth it when you see us all?

(Two faced)
Tryna fit in to a world with no
(New space)
Commit third degree murder
(What for?)
Tryna play me like a Hollywood whore

(First place)
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I woke up sweatin', tryna forget I'm in a mansion
'Cause fans are mad at my expansion
And my friend I thought was family
Who'd always understand me
Got offended, 'cause he jealous
We supposed to be at the Grammys
I'm askin', when did pride and passion
Get mistakin' for handouts and ass kissin'?
The fact is I made it from trailer trash to Saks Fifth
Took it from underground to massive, and the come up was classic
Back when white boys rapped, they gettin' they ass kicked

I was battlin' puttin' these rappers in caskets
I was walkin' home gettin' jumped after classes
Tell me, why don't my haters mention that shit?

Now, my rent is due and I'm a tenant gettin' by with no credit
Got residue from a sedative I ain't get from the medic
My schedule is so fuckin' hectic, but still I'm in debt
I'd be better off dead so life insurance keep my family fed
It's because of y'all, I couldn't separate from my career
'Cause of y'all, I hated myself for so many years
'Cause of you, you ain't never gonna see me trust
Even if I got a wife, she just somebody I fuck

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